

THE BENDERS.

THE MOST ATROCIOUS DESPERADOES OF THE WEST.

How They Worked - A Woman Whose Pleasure Was Assassination in Cold Blood - Ten Victims in One Grave.

The story of the Bender family illustrates the possibilities for crime and gain that a new country sparsely settled always furnishes. The Bender family consisted of an old man and his wife and a son and daughter Kate. They kept a sort of wayside inn, with a saloon attachment, about ten miles west of a little village called Galesburg, in Neosho County, Kansas. Here travelers often put up for the night, and it was usually the case that they took lodgings for eternity. Their scheme was an ingenious one, and it was successfully played upon many a lonely man traveling through the country, whose doom was forever sealed the instant he darkened the Benders' door. When they saw a traveler approaching some member of the family would stray out of the house and busy himself by the wayside, and as the traveler came along would accost him in a pleasant manner, asking him where he was going, and if the time was anywhere about nightfall, he would be assured that he could not reach his destination, and proposed that he step in and remain over night. Such an apparently hospitable offer was seldom declined.

The interior of the house was purposely arranged for the double purpose of murder and robbery. The front room was separated from the back by a thin curtain, arranged similar to those that are put over folding doors. When a man entered whom they intended to rob and murder, he would be invited to take a chair with his back to the curtain, so that when he sat down his head would be against the curtain. Sometimes several travelers stopped over night at once, on which occasion as many members of the family as possible would secret themselves behind the curtain, and, each selecting a victim, would await the right moment to brain them. If a stranger came along, who for any reason chose to change his seat, then the family became exceedingly jocular and entertaining. The old man told funny stories of early times and hair-breadth escapes on the plains. Games were proposed and all sorts of merriment indulged in. Among the games would be one in which the traveler had to get down on his knees on a pillow and close his eyes. The pillow would be placed directly over the trap-door, and at the right time Kate would step from the curtain, and, dealing the kneeling victim a blow on the back of the head with a large hammer, follow it up by a blow on the temple with a smaller hammer, which finished the traveler. The trap-door was then pulled and the victim fell into the cellar below.

People were missed, and there were frequent inquiries for strangers who had been seen in the town of Neosho, but whose whereabouts could be traced no further than the neighborhood of the Benders' house. The Benders were regarded as tough characters, but nothing of a positive character was known against them. The immediate cause of their discovery was a woman whose husband resided in Eastern Kansas. He expected to settle in the western part of the State, and took his departure, agreeing to return by a certain time and to bring his wife along. Time rolled on, and not returning, his wife started in search of him. As luck would have it she was overtaken near night at the Benders', and took a room there. It was a room in the second story, and looking around she saw on the bureau a small locket which at once attracted her attention. Opening it she saw a picture of herself that she recollected her husband always wore. Then her suspicions were thoroughly aroused, and she resolved to watch an opportunity to escape. She did not retire, but putting out her light resolved to watch by the window and await developments. It was a bright moonlight night and the window opened upon an orchard. Soon she saw a light moving around in a mysterious manner. Without making any noise she succeeded in making her escape. She moved toward the spot in the orchard and closely watched the movements of the people. When they had disappeared she went to the spot and found a newly made grave. Paralyzed with terror at the narrow and fortunate escape she had, for she realized that the grave was dug for herself, she remained upon the prairies in hiding until morning came, when, repairing to one of the neighbors, she related what she had seen, and showed the locket as proof of her story. The news soon spread, and what had been mere suspicions before became hard facts as true as Holy Writ. A posse of citizens was at once organized and they repaired to the Bender residence, but the birds had flown.

Their stock and cattle were found, and their horses tied to a wagon. They followed after them, scouring the country, but whether they overtook them or not, or meted out to them the grim justice that they so justly deserved, is one of the unsolved mysteries. On their return the members of the posse refused to talk, and there have been various rumors that the family escaped and fled to Germany with their ill-gotten gains; that they are living in Texas or Mexico.

The chapel in which Wesley preached for nearly half a century was recently bought in at auction for \$4,500.

There were a number of graves found on the Bender place, ten being in one spot, besides several bodies in the cellar. The hammers that were used by Kate, the daughter, who is described as the most ferocious of the gang, are now in the possession of a man named Bailey, who holds an official position in Parsons, Kan. She was a repulsive-looking, large-boned, raw and awkward woman, with a sinking gait and masculine ways. Her forehead was low, her eyes deep-set in her head, and her lips thick and chin and lower jaw large. Old man Bender had an unkempt appearance, with long, shaggy hair, and a full beard that was scraggly and dirty. The father and daughter were two as repulsive-looking beings as could be conjured up, and their many crimes entitle them to a leading place in the criminal history of America.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Chinese Restaurant.

In Chinatown are six restaurants of the regulation Canton style. The one at 16 Mott street, the King Fang Lan, is the best and is well worthy of a visit. The room is gaudily painted and is decorated in a manner that must be seen to be appreciated. A scarlet quotation from Confucius glares out at one from beside a notice that the house will not be responsible for umbrellas. A portrait of some Mongolian divinity or mythic hero supports a walnut-framed "God Bless Our Home," embroidered in green, blue and purple. The tables are round, neat and high. Instead of chairs elevated counting-house stools are used by the patrons. At this time of the year the average dinner at the King Fang Lan begins with some pastry resembling an orange in shape and appearance and a thick stringy candy in taste and consistency. The next course is small yellow cake, inclosing jelly, candy diamonds made of peanuts, sea-mame seed and white sugar and light, snow-white cakes full of mince-pie-like composition. The third course is a row of cylindrical dumplings filled with chopped spiced meats. The fourth, plates of crescent-shaped pearl-colored bars of dough stuffed with minced fish and condiments. The fifth, a composite stew strongly savoring of beefsteak and onions, but containing at least a dozen different ingredients. The sixth, perfumed pork and rice, and the last a bowl of soup. The only drinks used are black tea, no-madhaio and ung-ka-pek. The cost was 79 cents, for the tea nothing and for the two wines and liquors 40 cents. The service, though strangely odd, was neat and clean. To each guest is given a bowl, a tiny cup for alcoholic drinks, a porcelain spoon, two ebony chop-sticks, four teacups and saucers, and three diminutive plates, containing sauces, resembling Worcestershire, Chutney and mustard dressing. A table holds four guests comfortably, and all eat directly from the same dish. To eat rice and similar foods the bowl is held close to the lower lip and the contents shoveled or pushed with the chopsticks into the mouth. In eating other foods the guest seizes a mouthful from the general dish with the sticks, plunges it into one or more of his saucers, lets it drain a second in the rice-bowl and then throws it into his mouth.

The cooking would delight Miss Parloa. Where the Caucasian boils the Chinese more frequently steams. Rice, dumplings, pastry and many meats and vegetables are steamed inside of a tin cylinder that looks like an inverted water boiler suspended by a rope over a pulley in the ceiling. This enables the Mongolian cook to produce effects that are handsome to even an American eye. Where the New York housekeeper fries, the son of Confucius boils in a very effective manner. The dish he uses that corresponds to our frying pan, is a globular pan, fitting the stove-hole tightly, and immediately over the hottest fire hickory wood will produce. Water in this pan explodes rather than boils, so high is the heat. It cooks in a way unknown to our cooks, but worthy of imitation by them.—New York World.

Fires in Russia.

The same precautions against fires are taken in Moscow and St. Petersburg today that were in use a century ago. Scores of towers are everywhere seen. They run up about seventy-five to one hundred feet, are built like a lighthouse, with winding stairway, and have a platform all around at the top, where the watchman patrols day and night. If a fire is discovered, a signal is given and the Fire Department turns out. It was only recently that St. Petersburg, the capital, with hundreds of millions of government property, secured a steam fire engine. And that is a poor, old-fashioned affair. The hand engine does service there yet, as in most other cities in the Empire. When a fire breaks out the streets are cleared for such a department display as an American town would make. People go wild, talk loud, and get in the way, and when the fire burns out the Fire Department goes back to watch the towers for another signal.—Kansas City Journal.

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LADIES' COLUMN.

An Oregon Girl Bags a Deer.

Miss Mollie Bergen, a lass of sixteen summers, whose parents reside on Pool's Slough, Yaquina, heard the dog making a great noise the other morning, and on looking out saw a deer jump into the slough. She stepped quickly into the house, picked up her father's Winchester, returned to the door, raised the rifle and fired. The first shot struck the animal in the head, the second in the shoulder and the third and last went through the animal's heart, killing it. She then stepped down to the bank of the slough, unmoored a small boat, rowed to where the buck lay floating in the water, pulled the carcass into the boat and succeeded in getting it on shore before any of the men folks appeared. The buck when dressed weighed 200 pounds.—Portland Oregonian.

Blondes Becoming Extinct.

A highly interesting question is being agitated in Europe. It has been asserted that there has been a gradual decrease of blondes in Germany. Almost 11,000,000 school children were examined in Germany, Austria and Belgium, and the result showed that Switzerland has only 11.10; Austria, 19.79, and Germany, 31.80 per cent., of pure blondes. Thus the country, which since the days of ancient Rome has been proverbially known as the home of yellow hair, has to-day only twenty-two pure blondes in 100, while the average of pure brunettes is fourteen per cent. The fifty-three per cent. of the mixed type are said to be undergoing a transformation into pure brunettes. Dr. Pedloe, in England, has collected a number of statistics which seem to point in the same direction. Among 726 women he examined he found 369 brunettes and 357 blondes. Of the brunettes he found that seventy-eight per cent. were married, while of the blondes only sixty-eight per cent. were married. Thus it would seem that a brunette had ten chances of getting married to a blonde's nine. In France a similar view has been put forth by M. Adolph de Candolle. M. de Candolle found that when both parents have eyes of the same color eighty-eight per cent. inherit this color. But it is a curious fact that more females than males have black or brown eyes to the proportion of forty-five to forty-three. It seems that with different colored eyes in the two parents fifty-three per cent. follow the father in being dark eyed. An increase of five per cent. of dark eyes in each generation must tell in the course of time.—Toronto Truth.

Mrs. Cleveland's Mail.

An early riser, like the President, his wife is also, like her husband, busy during the day. She does not assume the management of the house, beyond such occasional supervision as may be necessary to maintain order and regularity. The morning brings to her a volume of letters that has been constantly growing. A thoughtless writer in an otherwise friendly paragraph, wrote a while ago that Mrs. Cleveland personally responded to all letters received by her. An avalanche followed. She had been receiving more letters than she could answer. Now there were more than she could take time to open; most of them contained requests for scraps of her wedding dress. Distressed women, anxious to save a homestead, wrote for loans of \$5,000 to \$10,000, to "save the old place." One woman wrote to ask for a specified number of yards of velvet, that was to be mazarine blue in color, and in addition she wished to have enough material for a wrap. Of application for autographs and photographs there is no end.

To attempt to answer all these letters would be out of the question. To read them all is unnecessary. If Mrs. Cleveland undertook to respond favorably to all who write to her, she would keep a stenographer and photographer constantly at work, she would gradually rob herself of her wardrobe, and she would bankrupt the President. So a large part of the correspondence is turned over to one of the Executive clerks to be answered with a printed form signed by Col. Lamont, Mrs. Cleveland personally responding only to letters from her personal friends.—Epoch.

Fashion Notes.

Badger is a fine and deservedly popular trimming fur. Astrakhan and Persian lamb are coming in favor again. Stoles and capes of fur are almost as fashionable as boas. Beaver is the favorite fur for young ladies' shoulder capes. The most fashionable boas reach nearly to the hem of the dress. Soft cap crowns are now finished with nap like knife pleated borders, double or triple, of the same velvet. In bonnets extremes meet, fur for the promenade being offset by tulle, lace and flowers for theatre, or other dressy wear. The English fancy for fine bonnets is a slender strap and bow of fur, in place of strings, which, in seal or astrakhan, is said to be particularly fetching. For dressy mourning, black watered silk, shirred on cord over a cone shaped

coron and bordered with a twist of silk and crape, is stylish, world without end. Round hats, with wide brims of shirred tulle, and crowns of loosely folded sash ribbons, or else velvet or aurore, are among the startling novelties for evening wear. A charming evening toilet was made wholly of pink moire ribbon. The straight skirt, of lace, was completely covered by loops of ribbon falling from the waist to the hem. A novel ribbon decoration for a hat was of ribbon woven in two colors, with a narrow ribbon of the same sort put on branchwise, and fastened only in the middle to the middle of the broader ribbon foundation. Simple, loose fitting frocks for little girls are made entirely of red or red and white becomingly combined. A pretty model was of cream-colored cashmere serge, the loose jacket and skirt being alike trimmed with a triple row of red braid. Striped fabrics seem to be gradually superseding plaids and checks, and except for very tall, slender ladies they are decidedly more becoming. Stripes of every width and design are seen, some of the broad, many colored stripes having as lively an effect as the most variegated plaid. Blue and red is still a favorite combination in wool dresses for young ladies. These dresses are now made with a polonaise of blue, with double drapery, short enough to reveal a narrow strip of the red skirt at the bottom. Broad red stripes are used as trimming upon both polonaise and bodice.

A water-mill is said to have been erected on the river Tiber at Rome, A. D. 50. Windmills were in general use in the twelfth century. Tide-mills are also said to have been in operation in Venice about 1078. Sawmills are said to have been in use at Angsburg about 1392.

The Mexican woman who is obliged to earn her own living has a hard time of it. Seamstresses cannot earn more than 50 cents per day, cigarete makers from 22 to 28 cents, and matchmakers 30 to 40 cents, and these are the only employments that are open to women in the City of Mexico.

A Calais (Me.) gentleman gave a birthday dinner the other evening, and all the game served—the snipe on toast, the woodcock, the partridge pie, the roasted duck—was shot for the occasion by the host. At the plate of each guest was a souvenir of snipe wings, arranged with bright ribbons.

Gruyere cheese, which had been made by the farmers of Jura, Switzerland, under a system by which each in turn made a cheese of the milk of the whole community given to him every day, is now made in a factory, to which all the farmers take their milk, and the product of which is common property, instead of each cheese being the individual property of the man who made it. This makes the cheese more uniform and of better quality, and increases the farmer's profits.

The number of letters in the Bible is 3,580,489; words, 773,002; verses, 31,173; chapters, 1,189; books, sixty-six. The longest book in the Old Testament is Psalms, it having 150 chapters; the shortest is Obadiah, it having but one chapter of only twenty-one verses. The longest books in the New Testament are Matthew and the Acts, each of which consists of twenty-eight chapters, although Luke contains more verses and words. Third John is the shortest, containing one chapter of fourteen verses and 293 words. The longest chapter in the Old Testament is the 117th Psalm, which contains 176 verses. The shortest chapter is the 117th Psalm; it contains but two verses. The longest chapter in the New Testament is the first chapter of Luke; it contains eighty verses; the shortest is 1 John, first chapter; it contains ten verses. The longest verse in the Old Testament is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, it contains ninety words, composed of 426 letters; the shortest verse is the twenty-fifth verse of the first chapter of 1 Chronicles, consisting of twelve letters and three words. The middle verse is the eighth verse of the 118th Psalm. The nineteenth chapter of 2 Kings and thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah read alike. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 105th Psalm are alike. The book of Job is the oldest book in the Bible, and the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet with the exception of "j." The 35th verse, 11th chapter, of St. John, is the shortest in the Bible.—Atlanta Constitution.

Facts About the Bible.

The Bengalis are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful, and splendidly formed, with features by no means of the negro type; the women are the handsomest I have seen in Africa. Their dress is scanty, consisting for the most part only of a waist-cloth for the men and a short kilt of woven grass for the women; but men of high degree often wear mantles of dressed goat or other skins. They cicatrize their arms, shoulders, and busts in patterns by cutting the skin and injecting some irritant. Sometimes the result looks very well; but in other cases the process is not successful, and raises huge unsightly lumps of flesh. The chief of Iboko, when I arrived, was an old man over 80—his age was reported by some to be 84, by others 86—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed fifty wives. He was over six feet in height, with a fine, well-developed figure, and but for his dirty white hair and shriveled skin, would have passed for a man of half his age. He was much attached to Capt. Coquilhat (named "Mwafa" or the "Eagle" by the natives), and never undertook anything without consulting him. The scene just after our arrival at Bengala, when "La Roi des Bangalas" being announced a we were all sitting over our after-dinner coffee, Mata Bwyki entered, wearing his royal hat of leopard skin and attended by several of his wives—and unfolded Capt. Coquilhat, gold-spangled uniform and all, in an ample bear's hug, was really worth seeing.—Blackwood.

The Only Featherly.

"Are you the only Mr. Featherly in town?" inquired Bobby of that young gentleman, who was making an evening call. "I think so, Bobby," was the response. "Why?" "I heard ma tell Clara as you came up the steps that it was only Mr. Featherly."—New York Sun.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A petrified fish about 17½ inches long and six inches thick was found recently on the Oregon Mountain, 3,000 feet above the sea level. The sexes can be distinguished in ducks by noticing that a duck quacks in a loud, coarse voice, while a drake has a sharp, thin, peeping voice. The time of the ocean steamship passage has been reduced by more than one-half since 1840, and by more than forty per cent. since 1860. A New York State man proposes to make a railroad car entirely of wood pulp. He claims that it will be indestructible either by fire or by shock. A turtle was recently hatched out in the parlor of a Jersey City woman from an egg which she brought home as a souvenir of a trip. It was placed on the card receiver. The invention of the organ is attributed to Archimedes, about 220 B. C. It was brought from Western Europe from the Greek Empire, and used in religious devotions in churches about A. D. 657. Three years ago the manager of a silver mine in Australia played a game of euchre with an employe to decide whether the latter should pay \$600 or \$750 for a one-fourteenth share in the mine. The employe won, and his share is now worth \$1,010,000. Engraving on plates and wood began about the middle of the fifteenth century. The earliest date known of a copper plate is 1451. Engraving on wood was long known in China, but began in Europe with the manufacturers of playing cards about 1400.

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Burned at the Stake.

A horrible crime, and one of the most diabolical ever committed in Wyoming, says the Cheyenne Sun, occurred last week in the northwestern portion of the Territory, not many miles from Fort Washakie, and on the Shoshone reservation. An Indian woman, who was probably regarded as a burden by the balance of her band, was unfortunate enough to meet with an accident, whereby she sustained a fracture of one of her limbs. The bucks, who appear to have everything their own way, counseled together and came to the conclusion that the best thing to do with the poor old woman was to put her to death. In pursuance of this plan, and after divesting her of every garment that could protect her from the cold, they drove stakes in the ground and tied her to them, and left her to freeze to death. At the expiration of two days and nights both of her arms were frozen solid, but she was not dead. Concluding that some more expeditious way must be adopted, they gathered a lot of old blankets, piled them upon and around her, and set them on fire. The result of this terrible torture was that her body was so badly burned that the inner organs were left exposed. They then let the fire go out and left her again to freeze. At the expiration of twenty-four hours death at last came to her relief.

A Youngster's Comment.

Harold is getting old enough to astonish his parents occasionally with an original remark. The other evening his mother said something to his father, who was reading. He didn't hear it. She repeated it, but the head of the family was too intent on his reading to notice that he was being addressed. Harold had watched operations, and after his mother had spoken the second time observed: "Mamma, I think you'll have to 'scuse papa. I guess his ears has gone out to walk around the block for a few minutes."—Chicago Tribune.

Fit for the Gods.

Young Man (to waiter)—Waiter, I want some roast turkey. Give me the outside slice off the breast, a nice large piece of the liver, and as I am hungry, you might bring me both second joints. Waiter—Yes sir; anything else? Young Man (contemptively)—Yes, there is something more I intended to order. Let—me—see— Waiter—I guess it must be the earth. How'll you have it cooked.—New York Sun.

Senator Edmunds and the Bo-

Senator Edmunds was evidently out of sorts when the card was handed to him. He glared at it in a don't-bother-me kind of way that made the little page who brought it glad to escape from his presence. The square piece of paper which lay before the Senator—for it could not be called a card—bore the name, "Willis Howe." The letters were angular and awkwardly scrawled. It was apparently the work of a boy or a half grown lad.

The senator arose from his seat, and crossing the corridor entered the marble room, where his visitor awaited him. He found the latter in conversation with his committee clerk. "What does he want?" queried the Senator, gruffly, and addressing the clerk.

"He wants some money to take him home. He says he lives in Vermont." "What did you say your name was?" asked the Senator, studying the characters on the card.

"Willis Howe," was the boy's reply. "But how do I know that you live in Vermont? You might come from Texas, for all that I know."

"I can only assure you that I speak the truth, Senator. I have no way of proving it. My home is in the village of—"

"Oh, it is, is it?" said the Senator grimly. "Well, I've visited in that place a number 'o' times. I suppose you know everybody there, don't you?" The boy replied that the people he didn't know were not worth knowing.

"Well, then," said the Senator, "tell me the name of the fat old man who peddles milk about town?" "He isn't fat and he isn't old," answered the youngster doggedly. "His name is 'Skinny' Eccles."

The faintest sort of a smile lit up the Vermont Senator's stern features. Turning to his clerk, he said: "Give him the money. There's no doubting the boy's honesty," and then he added with a chuckle as he turned to re-enter the Chamber, "Skinny' Eccles. Well, well! I haven't thought of him before in a dozen years."—New York Herald.

What the Men of Grace Wear.

They are tall, with great broad shoulders and waists as small as those of women, small hands and feet, with manly, fearless faces and dark, keen eyes. They usually let their hair grow a la Buffalo Bill and wear long moustaches which curl upward. Add to their natural appearance the picturesque costume and they become very handsome. The jackets they wear are of velvet with loose sleeves, which hang down, leaving exposed long, full, crape shirt sleeves, as white as snow, the jacket fitting tight in the back, but open in front and stiff with gold or silver embroidery. Around the waist is a scarlet sash in which are stuck several pistols and knives, all richly ornamented, often jeweled. Below this is the fustanelle, or white petticoat which reaches nearly to the knees, and which is so full that it stands nearly straight. In some of these fustanelles there are nearly 1,500 pieces, wedge-shaped. This garment is always of fine linen, and snowy white. The more pieces, the handsomer and more valuable, and the prouder the wife is whose patient fingers have made it. Below this are worn white drawers and leggings to match the jacket, and low shoes with red rosettes on the point of the toes. A red fez with a long blue tassel completes the costume. In winter they wear a beautifully embroidered cloak of thick, white wool, which is carelessly thrown over one shoulder only, and it reaches to the bottom of the fustanelle. All the public employes and officers wear this costume, and the soldiers, aside from those who would not abandon it anyhow, but the Greek brokers and merchants, who mix mostly with foreigners, do not wear it, which is a great mistake if they set any value upon their appearance.—Olive Harper, in Inter-Ocean.

Proof Positive.

Mr. W. Hawker, Bournemouth, says: "To me, a Warwickshire man, the most conclusive proof that Shakespeare wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra' is the line in which Antony salutes the Serpent of the Nile as 'my chuck.' This term of endearment is still heard among the peasantry of the Midland counties; and to suppose that a classical scholar, such as Bacon, should have introduced a homely provincialism, so English, and so utterly destructive of the unities, into an Egyptian tragedy is so improbable that I pin my faith to the Stratford butcher's inspired son as the author of that robust imagery rather than to the mantle of the great but pedantic Verulam."—London Times.

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